

still two miles away, was bathed in the golden colour of a cloudless sunset. The moon then rose at the full, bathing the dome of the great mosque, the minarets and the battlements of the city in silver hue. In the moonlight, our little company rode on with little to break the silence, save the clatter of hoof on rock and stone. We crossed the valley of Hinnom, which to our right looked gloomy in spite of the full moon. Instead of entering by the Bethlehem gate, by which we had gone out in the morning, we, for what cause I did not ask, made the circuit of half the city, passing the Jaffa gate, rounding the north-west angle, and in a silence that was death-like, for not a living creature was abroad, we stood beneath the massive arch of the Damascus gate on the opposite side of the city from Bethlehem. The Consul dismounted, knocked and spoke a few words, when in a trice the eye of the needle (*i.e.* the small gate within the large one, as we often see in barns in Canada) flew open, and the Turkish soldier on sentry showed himself. Then the one-half of the large gate creaked heavily on its hinges, opened up, allowing us entrance, when it fell back again to be secured with bars. Right in front of our party as we rode into the darkness of the city stepped the *carav* of the British Consulate, with a staff of office bearing a massive silver ball a-top (the *lion and unicorn* in all likelihood, though it was too dark to see the beasts), but, what was better, bearing in his other hand a lantern to light us on our way when we had to pass under arched passages and through narrow lanes.

Mr. Finn kindly sent a young Jew, one of the converts of the Jewish Mission, to lead us to our lodgings after we parted with him. Though late, I could not let our young Jewish friend depart without some words with him in regard to his change of faith, and his reception of Jesus of Nazareth as the

Messiah. He spoke with wonderful quietness and deliberation for an Oriental. The details of the conversation I have now forgotten, but its tone and substance I cannot forget. He left all for Christ. His friends and acquaintances had forsaken him, but his purpose was unaltered to follow Jesus and abide in fellowship with his people. One of the ladies offered him a piece of gold for his attention to us and trouble. Very politely he refused it, saying that Mrs. Finn would not be pleased if he took it. We shook hands with him, bidding him take courage and to continue steadfast in the faith. What became of him, or of Meshullam, or of the farm of Urtas, I cannot with precision say. Mrs. Finn was full of hope, telling us jocularly that the Jews of Jerusalem had a saying about her, "What does Mrs. Finn believe in?" "She believes in Meshullam." It would seem from remarks by recent travellers that the farm has not been successful, nor can it be said that the Mission to the Jews of Jerusalem has been very productive of results, for several reasons unnecessary to state here, but

"God shall arise, and mercy yet  
He to Mount Zion shall extend;  
Her time for avow, which was set,  
Behold is now come to an end."

We must in our next paper bid farewell to Jerusalem, and ask the reader to accompany us through Samaria to Nazareth and Sea of Galilee.

An unkind word falls easily from the tongue; but a coach and six horses cannot bring it back.

There is a tree in California called the Maganeta—so full of life and vital force that it is constantly pressing off the bark from the wood as fast as it forms. Oh! for Maganeta Christians, that, by the fulness of life within, shall crowd off the bark and excrescence of worldliness that would otherwise gather about them.